

The history

To see vs heere vnarm'd. I haue a womans longing,
An appetite that I am sick with-all,
To see great *Hector* in his weeds of peace,
To talke with him, and to behold his visage,
Euen to my full of view. A labour sau'd.

Enter Therfites.

Thersf. A wonder. *Achil.* What?

Thersf. *Ajax* goes vp and downe the field asking for himselfe.

Achil. How so?

Thersf. He must fight singly to morrow with *Hector*, and is so prophetically proud of an heroycall cudgeling, that he raues in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Thersf. Why a stalkes vp and downe like a peacock, a stride and a stand: ruminates like an hostisse, that hath no Arithmatique but her braine to set downe her reckoning: bites his lip with a politike regarde, as who should say there were witte in this head and two'd out: and so there is. But it lyes as coldly in him, as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking, the mans vndone for euer, for if *Hector* breake not his neck ith' combate, hee'll breake himselfe in vaine glory. Hee knowes not mee. I sayd good morrow *Ajax*: And hee replyes thanks *Agamemnon*. What thinke you of this man that takes mee for the Generall? Hees growne a very land-fish languagelesse, a monster, a plague of opinion, a man may weare it on both sides like a lether Ierkin.

Achil. Thou must be my Ambassador *Thersfites*.

Thersf. Who I: why heele answer no body: hee professes not answering, speaking is for beggers: he weares his tongue in's armes. I will put on his presence, let *Patroclus* make demands to me. You shall see the pageant of *Ajax*.

Achil. To him *Patroclus*, tell him I humbly desire the valiant *Ajax*, to inuite the valorous *Hector* to come vnarm'd to my tent, and to procure safe-conduct for his person, of the magnanimous and most illustrious, sixe or seauen times honour'd Captaine Generall of the armie. *Agamemnon*, do this.

Patr.

of Troylus and Cresseida.

Patro. Ioue blesse great *Ajax*. *Thersf.* Hum.

Patr. I come from the worthy *Achilles*.

Thersf. Ha?

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to inuite *Hector* to
(histent.

Thersf. Hum?

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from *Agamemnon*.

Thersf. *Agamemnon*?

Thersf. Ha?

Patr. I my Lord.

Patr. What say you too'r.

Thersf. God buy you with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer sir.

Thersf. If to morrow be a faire day, by a leuen of the clock it will goe one way or other, howsoeuer he shall pay for me ere hee ha's me.

Patr. Your answer sir.

Thersf. Fare yee well with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Thersf. No: but out of tune thus. What musick will be in him, when *Hector* ha's knockt out his braines, I know not. But I am sure none, vnlesse the fidler *Apollo* get his sinnewes to make Catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt beare a letter to him straight.

Thersf. Let mee beare another to his horse, for thats the more capable creature.

Achil. My minde is troubled like a fountaine stir'd, And I my selfe see not the bottome of it.

Thersf. Would the fountaine of your minde were cleere againe, that I might water an Asse at it, I had rather be a tick in a sheepe, then such a valiant ignorance.

Enter at one doore Aeneas, at another Paris, Deiphobus,

Antenor, Diomed the Grecian with torches.

Paris. See ho? who is that there?

Deiph. It is the Lord *Aeneas*.

Aene. Is the Prince there in person?

Had I so good occasion to lye long

As your prince *Paris*; nothing but heavenly businesse,

Should rob my bed mate of my company.

Dio. That's my minde too? good morrow Lord *Aeneas*.

Paris. A valiant Greeke *Aeneas* take his hand.

Witness.